

Miss Annie D.

Sunbeams.

An hour-glass is liable to reverse.  
Nothing puts so many fits as the wind.  
If you would shine in the world be a boat.  
The most disagreeable match to a soldier  
—Are you?

Many a cross-grained boy has said infor-  
ward visage—  
Foreign fruits—Nihilists in America—  
Cia. Sot. Night.

Any one can pick a banjo in a music store.  
—Cia. Sot. Night.

When the trees leave it is a sign they will  
stay—Selma Stedman.

Operator—If you wish to hear the streets,  
don't stop it—Erica Macle.

Why should a tenant hold on a lower  
rent when rent is hire—Erica Macle.

When the world is turned up, who will  
select the instances?—Cia. Sot. Night.

Franklin has it in his philosophy  
to exercise every science we can remember.

Knox hats?—A shalalah—Faroel  
Graus. Ping-pong—Brickbats.—Cia. Sot.  
Night.

The evening had been convivial. "And  
now, gentlemen," said the Chairman, "I'll  
photograph the fact that she was born an orphan."—Ky.  
Night.

You may like this," said a sign painter's  
customer. "I beg your pardon," he said.  
"I lost the—except since we can remember.

"Knox hats?—A shalalah—Faroel  
Graus. Ping-pong—Brickbats.—Cia. Sot.  
Night.

The early evidence Eve gave that she was  
destitute of good rasing was due to the  
fact that she was born an orphan.—Ky.  
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Night.

Another good girl of Waterloo, N. Y., has  
dropped her angel wings—she strangled herself  
at the last gasp. Waterloo that was for  
her.—Hartington Enterprise.

It has been ascertained that the reason  
for placing the ladder yards near to the rail-  
road depot is to enable travelers to go  
board easy.—Richmond Independent.

"Now, Sunny, have you read the story  
of Joseph?" "Oh, yes, uncle." "Well,  
then, what would they do when they  
sold their brother?" "They sold him too  
cheap."

A leading place post-writer, "Old Ocean  
steep," was asked to do it but was com-  
pelled to ask: "What did the sea look like?"—  
Chris. The weight of a mackerel of course.—  
Bloomington Eye.

The most fatidical man we know of is  
the individual who started out in a rain  
storm to drown himself, and carried an un-  
broken oar over his head so as not to get his  
clothes wet.—Whitfield Times.

It is not true that the heavy man of the  
opera was smothered by his own weight  
in bed.—Globe. Ten or dozen  
nights went through the night-club  
passes. —Faroel Graus. Also gather too  
many.—Bloomington Eye.

"How," said a Judge to a witness, "how  
do you know that the plaintiff was injured  
on the evening referred to?" "Because  
I saw him, a few minutes after supper,  
trying to pull off his trousers with a  
book for the defendant."

A Lowell woman accidentally swallowed a  
pin the other day, and in exactly three min-  
utes was dead. Lying on her back, she lay  
there. This is a lie. But we wanted to put up  
those stories that our readers can be  
tired of.—Local Citizen.

"Mother sent me," said a little girl to a  
neighbor, "to ask you to come and take a  
cup of tea with her this evening." "Did  
she say that?" "Yes, she did." "No, mother;  
she only said she would ask you, and  
then the thing would be off her mind."  
"That was all she said."

"What would our wives say, if they  
knew where we are?" said the captain of a  
"down-eas" schooner, when they were  
leaving on a tick fog, fearing of going  
to the Devil's Hole. "I shouldn't mind  
that," replied the mate, "but we only know  
where we ourselves."

He has his break-fish, a gawky job  
with a quivering voice in his throat, but his  
voce leaked out and could not drown out  
the accompanist's clattering bang. He lost  
his pitch on the middle A, he faltered on  
D and faltered at length like a lat-  
ered wreck adrift on the wild high C.

The teacher had grown eloquent in pic-  
turing to his little pupils the beauties of  
history, and when he said, "What kind  
of lives go to heaven?" a 4-  
year-old boy, with kicking boots, flourished  
his A. "Well, you may answer," said the  
teacher. "Dead ones," the little fellow  
shouted, at the exult of his lungs.

"Fond father!"—May we hope for the  
pleasure of your company at our soiree  
tomorrow, Doctor? We shall have a little  
intermission, and then—My dear!—  
After Alice will sing, and afterward Beatrix  
will recite her new poem. At nine o'clock  
we shall say: "Doctor! Many thanks;  
you are very kind. I shall be with you at  
nine o'clock."

"Drunken again, eh?" said the magistrate,  
comparing his brows and looking severely  
at the prisoner. "No, sir, I was not pain-  
fully intoxicated; I was under the influence  
of the liquor I took with me." And the lady  
asked me wud I take such a liquor, "you me  
saw her keep such bad liquor," "you me  
saw wud I have tak but what."

They say you can tell by the taste of beer  
what the weather is going to be. How  
nice. When my wife is nervous about  
going out with me, she says: "What's the  
weather?" "I don't think it will rain," she  
can reply, "I'll see my love." And go  
out and take a drink of beer, and she can't  
find a word of fault. We demand a mon-  
ument for the discovery of the theory.—  
Bloomington Eye.

An anxious father of the piano class-  
room once wrote the following letter to a  
boarding-school mistress: "As I am a  
good old man, I have a mind to be  
admitted to see a shameful manner  
in which they are rearing their  
sons, and it is my desire to have a seat  
in the bed she used to lie, and not for her  
to sleep soundly in one bed, and then in  
another, for to feel all the fleas in  
the house for I think that is not write-  
neth; shall she do it?"

OLD-TIME GAMBLING.

In the early history of Lafayette, card  
playing was more than an amusement, with  
a good many men it was a "bitness." The  
founder of Lafayette, "Old" Digby, was  
for many years the most noted card player  
on the Waal. There are many anecdotes  
of him that have been handed down  
and are worth preserving. If the old set-  
ters are to be believed, "Old Dig" and the  
late Judge Pettit had many a lively tussle  
at the card table.

On one occasion the two sat down early

in the forenoon at their favorite game of  
"old sledge," five dollars a game. About  
four o'clock in the afternoon, when Pettit  
was about seventy dollars richer, he an-  
nounced to Digby that he must quit.

"What are you going to quit for?" in-  
quired Digby.

"I want to go and take care of my  
horses," replied Pettit. "I have done every-  
thing I can to the contrary."

"I can go without my horses, the money  
is mine; but I am not going to abuse  
my horse, I just to accommodate you at this  
game."

Pettit replied with Digby's seventy dollars  
in his pocket.

The next morning, bright and early, they  
were at it again. Digby had a big streak  
of luck, and before twelve o'clock had  
brought \$130 of Pettit's money. Baking  
from the table he left ten dollars put up he  
announced to Pettit that he was going to  
quit.

"What are you going to quit for?" in-  
quired Pettit.

"Why—," replied Pettit, "you haven't  
got any horses," slapping his hand  
in his breeches pocket. "I've got the  
money to my own."

The game was closed. Digby who was a  
bachelor, had a one-story fence house put  
up on Main street, close to where the rail-  
road now stands, as an office and sleeping apartment.  
After it was finished, long the place not  
unhappily dry to be occupied. Digby and  
Pettit sat down in their favorite game of  
old sledge. Digby's money was soon exhausted  
and Pettit was the winner. The game was closed.

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